

April 7, 1928

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN—MAY 5th-11th

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
1 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

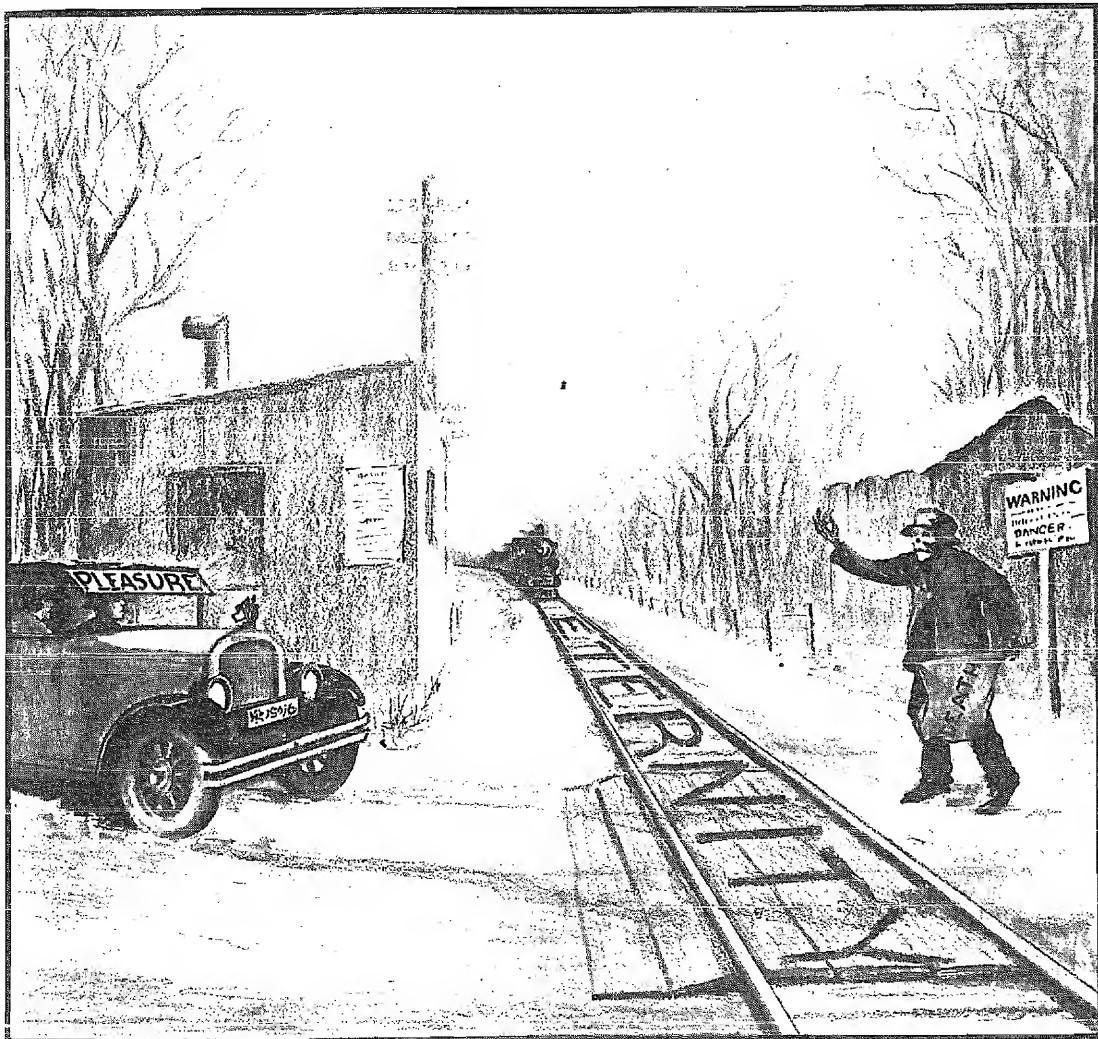
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



With acknowledgments to the New York "Life."

"Come on," says Death, "take your chance, you may be able to make it."

Yes, and suppose you decide, on the wild impulse of the moment, to heed the old man's suggestion, and to "Take your chance," and suppose you don't "make it"—what then?

Having once crossed the line—the single track between you and death—the line of eternity—what then? What then—I say. What after death for you remains?

Do not forget the words of Holy Writ—as true to-day as when they were first recorded—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Pleasure is a fickle jade; Death is a persistent beckoner, but once in his keeping there is no turning back. "The children of the foolish are far from safety." ...



ay, Job 4: 12-21. "Shall mortal
be more just than God?" Men
themselves on being just, but the
perfect justice earth can give is as
to that which God gives to each
of His creatures. Infinite in love,
make mistakes. The Judge of all
shall unfailingly and eternally

day, Job 5: 1-16. "I would speak
Job's circumstances. But we can
understand trouble when we have
it ourselves. Then, after
proved God's help, our words,

"few or faltering, will have power

and comfort the sad and suffer-

ing. They will feel and realize that we

are talking about them.

day, Job 5: 17-27. "Desire not
the chastening of the Al-

" If God gives you much suffer-

ing, a sign that He wishes to make you

a saint. His furnaces always

Unusual love and unusual grace

ways reached the saints in the

of unusual trials and unusual

sorrows. God rarely, if ever, makes

the process a painless one.

He wants remarkable results.

day, Job 6: 1-14. "Oh, that I
have my request!" How many

to thank God for unanswered

Here Job goes on to entreat

death, not knowing the great

eternal blessings in store for him.

weak longings. Lord fulfill;

then do Thy perfect will;

I bind and wish for things

granted, strong heart festerings;

but know that I am blind;

but trust Thy wondrous kind-

ness; that is deepest."

Since one

consol us in affliction that

griefs and tears and groans are

that others have felt just as we

others, too, have cried unto

the depths;" and that after

we suffered awhile He gave them

for ashes, the oil of joy for

the garment of praise for the

heaviness."

Job 7: 1-10. "Wearisome

are appointed to me." Have

thanked God for His gracious

sleep? Perhaps you fall asleep

your head touches the pillow,

of wake till morning. But there

like Job who spend weary

all of tossings and fro." Such

ones can bring blessing instead

on the sleepless one will but

quietly pray, or repeat verses

's Word, or the Army Song-Book.

Job 7: 11-21. "I would not

says." Modern medical science

improved health conditions

that the whole live longer now to do.

But even with the best

roundings we would not want

ever in this world of fleeting

changing circumstances. Far

at the Saviour's call.

and the rest that remaineth

ever, beautiful Land just over the

Buy a Revolver to
root a Butterfly

orth the trouble, and as for the

in of the realm. Butterflies are

inept to require revolvers.

Don't get into a fury about

nothing. Little faults, and

wee bit bigger, can be dealt

gentle admonitions, loving

and warm, forgive-it-all kiss.

hammer is not necessary to

achieve. The thought of a

will do the job just as well,

but a big punishment for a

cease and lose your good temper

the peace of "Home, sweet

as to whether it was a

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3

THE INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY

Pays "En route to Australia" Visit to the Territorial Centre
Mrs Commissioner Mapp also a Welcome Guest

SOME real Spring Days have been the pleasurable lot of Winnipeg during recent days. We mention this meteorological fact so that we may understand that the our spirits were keyed aright to give the victory for our Master and Lord.

Naturally the time of the visit was not all taken up in functions of such character; we had a sense that the hours were all too few for the important conversations which

let us emphasize it, by reason of Mrs. Mapp's presence with us.

With a crowded house, and an enthusiastic soldiery crowding it, one can imagine the sort of an evening we had. It was a case of "come early for any sort of a seat," and the younger fry who had done so, and comfortably esconced themselves, yielded to necessity and courtesy (some of them) and gave up their points of vantage to their elders. The singing went over with a bang — there was a comradely reverberation about everything. The Citadel Band was superb in its musical renderings; we daren't stay to particularise, except to say that the oldtime chorus is still ringing in our ears —

all in all; tomorrow was Y.P. Council Day, and so we forgot all about the Y.P. Delegates, and called us to a welcome of the Commissioner, in one of those racily eloquent speeches in which he revels these days.

"Talking Soundings"

He struck the right note in that he gave Commissioner Mapp a theme for his talk which stirred us all—"Talking Soundings," said our guest, and he proceeded to recall some of those Early Days, and to cause us to renew our own consecrations, so that from floor to ceiling there were going up prayers for opportunities for service, and vows from all hearts — young and old alike.



Mrs. Mapp recalled earlier visits to the City, and gently hinted at the passing of the years, and gladly affirmed the keeping grace of God throughout that period. She did not hold the fort for long, however, remembering that her husband was the speeding guest, and that she would have her turn on the morrow, and during other days when we shall be glad to have her in our midst.

But to conclude, it was on of those Meetings when a surge of feeling; when memories are bestirred; vows renewed; friendships re-affirmed; consecrations made; and when we again saw seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

Major Frank Taylor was his own quiet and self-effacing usual; greeting the many comrades who look for his coming whenever the International Secretary is over here; and he had also his need of public acknowledgment.

But glances at the clock revealed the fact that the evening was hurrying on; and that "Number One for Vancouver" was getting up steam, and so with a push and a crush out of the Citadel, and a crowd at the Depot to "God Speed" the Commissioner on his way, another episode closed, and now we shall watch for news from "Down Under" and of those mighty Congresses which will soon be taking place among our "Same Old Army" comrades in the Sister Dominions.

Commissioner and Mrs. Rich Conduct Junior Councils A New Venture in Winnipeg

and it was apparent from the seriousness with which the young folks "took in" the proceedings that the occasion was not unappreciated. An excellent paper, written by Jack Dawson of Brandon, and read by Gordon Kelly, Sherbrooke St., on the subject "Why I attend the Company Meeting," was well received. Corps Cadet Jack Lamb, Fort Rouge, did well with a paper entitled, "Why I am a Corps Cadet," and Guard Catherine Thomson, Winnipeg Citadel, followed up a smart salute with a paper on "What Guardship means to me."

A youthful Bible character was made to live again, and provided food for juvenile thought, in the scripture reading by Mrs. Commissioner Rich. She strove to make her message understandable to her listeners, and emphasised many helpful lessons. The Young People showed their interest by readily answering the questions put to them by the speaker, and were interested in the many closely consulted Bibles with they had brought with them.

Altogether the Session was worth while, and well-mixed with the spice of chorusing, it, as the saying goes, "went down well."

The Young People had no need to leave the building during the interval between the Sessions, full provision being made at the Garrison for refreshment accommodation. Tea and coffee made the alfresco lunches which the visitors had brought with them acceptable, especially amid such novel surroundings.

Some bright singing led off the evening session; new choruses were introduced, and old favorites proved their popularity once more. Needless to say, Adjutant Tom Mundy shone in this part of the proceedings, and the piano forte kept up a merry accompaniment under the active fingers of Lt.-Colonel Joy.

The Commissioner's topic, in acrostic form, and eminently suited for the occasion, was illustrated by objects which kept the audience agog throughout. Our Leader took good advantage of the "Eyegete" method of reaching the hearts and minds of his young hearers, and evidently not without some effect, for the Prayer-Meeting registered a goodly number of responses.

There were some fine quick-fire testimonies from the Young People before the gathering closed, and the singing, with fixed bayonets, of "The Army Doxology," concluded an experiment which will, without doubt, be repeated another year,

of men Cadets, was well appreciated by the audience and added to the morning's profit and pleasure.

There was a crowded Hall for the evening Salvation Meeting and a full turn out of comrades and friends. A fine spirit was manifested throughout and the singing by the audience of the well-chosen songs was more than hearty. The Commissioner's address held the close attention of all and once again we saw the Mighty to Save as an immediate Deliverer. The unsaved were urged to make a decision and the backsliders invited to return to the Fold of God.

Faith and prayer united in the strenuously-fought Prayer-Meeting and we rejoiced with great joy to see six souls enter into a new relation with God. One of the seekers was a brother who struggled for many weary months to find light. He made a voluntary surrender and afterwards gave his testimony.

It goes without saying that Captain and Mrs. Boyle, the comrades, and the Band rendered excellent assistance during the Meetings and give glory to God for answered prayer. Hallelujah!

Before we close this all too brief account of a very happy day, may we also say we have received much blessing through our Brigade of men-Cadets and their influence in the district has been for good. At a recent Saturday night Meeting Bandsman Smilde spoke on "Weighed in the Balance," and one soul was restored to God—R.M.R.

A minister was preaching about sin and strongly denouncing it. A gentleman said: "Don't speak so strongly." "Oh, would you have me speak mildly?" said the preacher. "Come and sit here." He took him aside and showed him a bottle of poison which he had by him for some chemical purposes. "Would you like me to change the label and put 'Essence of Peppermint?' Well, that is what I will not do in dealing with the poison of sin." That is the Devil's way

WHAT to do with our younger Young People when the annual Y.P. Councils come around, and a clamor or admission is made (which admission must be denied to certain applicants for age reasons) has constituted a problem with which our Leaders have wrestled for a long time past.

This was happily, if not successfully, solved when Commissioner and Mrs. Rich met a company of Young Folks, by special invitation in the Training Garrison Auditorium on a recent Saturday afternoon and evening. Our Leaders were assisted by a number of T.H.Q. Officers, the Divisional Staff, and City Corps Officers, whilst a number of Y.P. Local Officers whose interest in their young charges was delightful to see, were also present.

A feeling something akin to awe, swept over the youthful audience on being seated in the beautifully equipped Auditorium. Many of the young folk had not previously seen the interior of the Training Garrison, and it was easy to see that they felt on "holy ground." Wonder and admiration alternated on every bright face. There was a privilege indeed.

At the call of Staff-Captain Steele the young folks rose to sing from the special sheets, another privilege, and though somewhat subdued at first, the vocal power of the singers broadened out to considerable proportions before the close.

Devotional exercises were followed by a brief introductory speech made by Ensign Houghton. Having a special interest in the young people from a Divisional standpoint, she voiced the pleasure of all concerned at the presence of our Territorial Leaders, who, in turn, received a welcome such as only young folks can give, and which was only exceeded by the energetic response to Staff-Captain Steele's "Fire a volley!"

Under the Commissioner's unconventional presidency an instructive and by no means uninteresting programme occupied the main portion of the afternoon

grades of the Sherbrooke St. Corps been privileged to receive a visit from Commissioner and Mrs. Rich. Sunday, March 25th will, therefore, be remembered as a day quite out of the ordinary, and a time when God poured out freely of His blessings. Our Territorial Leaders were accompanied by the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele.

The Holiness Meeting was a season of gracious refreshing and we felt in a marked manner the wonderful presence of God. The Commissioner's inspiring comments helped us greatly and the chief message given by Mrs. Rich, enlarged our vision for greater faith in God. Many hearts felt the impress of the truth and two seekers made a full surrender at the Mercy-Seat during the Prayer Meeting. The singing of a vocal quartette, composed

THE visitation of lumber camps by Army Officers is a welcome diversion in the lonely lives of hundreds of forest workers and the following account of a trip in Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, made by Ensign Fugelsang and Captain Hill will be read no doubt, with interest. Writes the Captain:

After a hearty meal at the Officers' Quarters in Prince Albert (where Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang are stationed) we embarked on the train for Melfort, on the way to which we saw the rather unusual sight of a water tank on fire. On arrival at our destination we enjoyed



Ensign Fugelsang and Captain Hill in fighting trim for their 200-mile trip.

The hospitality of Adjutant and Mrs. Johnstone. At the Meeting that night we were pleased to meet Mr. Hansen, formerly of The Pas, who was the teamster for our trip to the woods last year.

Packing our bundles (six in all) next morning early, we caught the train to Tisdale at 6:30 a.m. This train is rightly named the "Crawler" and after much going forward and backward we arrived at 10:30 a.m. and had lunch. We then took train for Nipawin, where, on our arrival at 8:30 p.m. we were met by Envy Little (in charge of The Army's work here) and who arranged for a team to take us through the bush. Whilst with the Envoy we visited a sick man who, since being laid aside has been converted through the instrumentality of our comrade. We played, prayed and sang and felt that God had blessed our efforts.

Fur Coats and Moccasins

After dinner (Saturday) we dressed for our 200-mile trip, fur coats, moccasins and thick lumbermen's socks being necessary. Our first stop was at Camp "B", eighteen miles north of Nipawin. About 170 men are employed here and we were heartily welcomed by the foreman and camp clerk. A good hearty meal was provided by our friends, and arrangements were made for a Meeting. Slides were shown on a screen, and our musical items given with cornet, euphonium, guitar, mouth-organ and "Home Sweet Home" on the tin can were greatly appreciated. Many old Gospel songs were sung from the song sheets provided and the old story of the Cross proclaimed. We urged these rough lumbermen to take the Saviour into their lives and we saw evidences of the working of the Holy Spirit.

A sixteen mile drive further on brought us to the Petaigne stopping place where, after a short rest and breakfast we visited Camp "A" for the Sunday morning service. We made this long journey at night to enable us to make two camps on Sunday.

After dinner we journeyed to the Saskatchewan warehouse, fourteen miles distant. One of our horses took sick and had to have immediate attention,

With the Lumbermen of the North

The Interesting Adventures of Two Army Officers who Braved the Elements to Visit Lonely Forest Camps

Here is located the headquarters for the upper section of the camps situated on the Saskatchewan River. In this place, 110 miles from the railroad we found a very fine office with all standard equipment, with Mr. Douglas Phalen in charge. Here also were Mr. J. MacDonald, Superintendent in charge of logging operations; Mr. E. Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent and Mr. Jack Muhall who has the supervision of over 400 horses used in the bush during winter operations. These men, well known to the writer, reside in The Pas, and The Army is held high in their esteem. We had supper here and then drove five miles to Camp "C" to return later to the warehouse for a

The teamster who drove us to Camp "C" was a very earnest Christian and informed us that he has two sisters who are medical missionaries, one laboring in South America. He related to us his experience of conversion after being sick for over a year with cancer of the face, and he is now cured. At the camp we held our service in the large bunk house with 140 men present. We closed our Meeting about 10 p.m., having put in a very busy but useful Sabbath.

Met Missionary Officers

On Monday morning we returned to the warehouse to find our horse still sick and unable to travel the balance of the trip. At the warehouse is located the camp hospital, having accommodation for sixteen. Dr. Netherfield in charge, has labored in China, leaving there last summer on account of troublous times. He informed us that on his way to Canada he had met two well known Canada West Missionary Officers, Ensign Ada Irwin of Korea and Captain Grace Hoddinton of China.

Music and song cheered the ten patients in the hospital and afterward we had dinner with the doctor and patients. We then left for Camp 4, arriving at supper time. Much of the distance was made on foot as the sleighing was too heavy for one horse. Out of the 145 men who gathered for the service, the writer noticed a large number of the men who when in The Pas had regular attendants at the Army Meetings.

A Lonely Grave

Resuming our journey we passed the lonely grave of a lumberjack amid the stately evergreens. It is the grave of one Fred Cartwright, who was drowned on the drive of logs some four years ago. His mother resides in Winnipeg. A large plain wooden cross marks the grave and a railing has been placed around it, showing that care and attention has been given although the location is over one hundred miles from the railroad.

We anticipated journeying from Camp 4 across a gap of fifty-five miles to Camp 1 by "caterpillar" tractor, but found on arrival at the camp that the machine was in need of repairs. There are three caterpillar tractors in the bush this winter, each capable of hauling ten or twelve loaded sleighs of logs, each one taking the place of about forty horses. From here we sent our teamster with the one horse back to Nipawin and we started out to walk the gap, completing fourteen miles to the company's farm located on the Sipaniok Channel, that

anxious to hear the Gospel message in music and song. Here our 300 lantern slides were well received, being much clearer because of the electric light. At other camps it was necessary to use acetylene gas. A favorite song of the men of all camps was "The Old Rugged Cross" and many requests were made for songs about "Mother". The next morning we had several good, helpful talks with some of the men working around the camp. This was also done at other camps as opportunity served.

Immediately after dinner at Camp 1 we left by freight team for Camp 2, situated seven miles across Murphy Lake from Camp 1. A splendid set of buildings are here and 155 men employed. We held our service in the large bunk house and did not close until 10 p.m. as on Saturday night lights are not put out until this hour; other nights the men "hit the hay" at nine o'clock.

Lost on the Lake

Following the Meeting we had lunch, then proceeded by small jumbo sleigh back to Camp 1. The driver unfortunately missed his way when on the lake and we had visions of spending the night out in the open. We eventually retraced our way and found the correct road, arriving at midnight. We were up at 6:30 Sunday morning as we were anxious to be off for The Pas, 30 miles distant, for the night Meeting.

Now came the last lap of the journey, which was twenty-five miles across an open lake with a fierce wind blowing. There were many drifts of snow to be encountered but we plodded on and after a twelve-mile walk came to the teamsters' dinner place. We only stopped long enough to adjust our packs and then were off for the last thirteen miles, this time facing a blinding snowstorm. The last mile of two was a hard struggle but we were encouraged by one of the northern aeroplanes flying over us shortly before we crossed the lake and seeing it land on the outskirts of The Pas. We arrived at 4:20 p.m. making an average of four and a half miles per hour.

After some refreshments and a rest at the home of Treasurer and Mrs. Robertson,



A Lumber Camp in the Forest

we proceeded to the Meeting where we were made welcome and where it was indeed a joy to meet old friends. Monday was spent in visitation and we boarded the train for Prince Albert. Although much in need of rest after our strenuous trip, we arrived home feeling our efforts had not been in vain and with a prayer on our lips that God would be with and bless the many hundreds of lumberjacks at work in "The Land of the Lobstick Pine."

In conclusion we would like to express our heartiest appreciation of the manner in which the men of the camps and their overseers treated us. God bless them all!



1.—The "Dinky" that hauls 20 loaded logging sleighs. 2.—A group of interested listeners at Camp "A." 3.—A Far-North trapper's dog team.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

THIS unfortunate spell of sickness that attacked Colonel Miller in Vancouver, and prevented his attendance at the Victoria Y.P. Councils, is yielding to treatment, and it is confidently hoped that he will be back again at the Territorial Centre during the next few days.

Just prior to leaving for the Coast the Colonel felt some inconvenience owing to our trouble, but with characteristic pluck went ahead with his plans.

It has been a trying episode for Mrs. Miller, who is at home in Winnipeg—not much less, perhaps, than for the Chief Secretary himself. However, we glad to make this happy announcement.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

WE were right away from our usual gait on Friday, March 23rd. We had the Cadets with us; and a brave show they made filling the spacious Citadel platform almost to overflowing. We had the Cadets Band and Singing Party too, and we were consequently not wanting in tuneful melody.

Brigadier Carter retained the command of the Meeting, and all the "usuals" took a silent seat. The thoughtful testimonies from many of our young comrades bearing so definitely on the great theme of the Meeting, were very cheering to our own spirits.

Cadets Townsend and Allan gave us special "Seven minute sermons" (the word is the Principal's, so don't quarrel with us—Ed.) on New Testament Holiness and Cadets Duxbury and Beck did ditto with the same subject from an Old Testament standpoint. Immensely good, to the point, and fervent. We were glad that Brigadier Carter shut down on the clapping.

The Prayer-Meeting was indeed a time of helpfulness and victory for many souls and once more we rejoiced over a well-filled Mercy-Seat. Cadets' Night was a lengthened spiritual treat—for young and old.

The following Friday, March 30th, was another special occasion—one in a lengthening list of such. In spite of the fact that there was a special hub-bub of another character entirely filling the outside atmosphere, indoors we had a splendid crowd and a real heart-to-head.

The Cadets had bravely faced horrors on the way, and were with us in full force in spirit and lung-power and so again they were uplifted again and again. The songs and illustrations, settings were once more exceedingly helpful. Songs were the well enunciated readings Scripture, by Ensign Miriam Houghton, and "The Founder's Message" by Corp. Cuviot Marjory Joy.

One specialty was an illustrated sonnet depicting the Apostle Peter's release from prison—"Glory to God for the broken Chain," and when Adjutant Mundy took the desk with his most happily conceived and soul-helping address on that old saint, and his lessons therefrom for our up-to-date experiences, we realised the oneness of our weekly fare.

Staff-Captain Steele's control of the Meeting, and his leadership of our songs and prayers brought us into close touch with the realities of the evening's subject and once more we rejoiced in definite decisions at the Mercy-Seat.

A Pound of Pluck is Worth a Ton of Luck

YES, and a bit more. Pluck says "I'll do and dare." Luck says "Wait and see." Luck waits for something to turn up; pluck rolls up its sleeves and goes and turns it up. When a brave industrious man succeeds, the wise say, "Lucky!" but those who are in t

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Pluck wrought modern miracles grace through John Hunt among the cannibal Fijians. The world, as never before, cares for men of pluck, resolution and devotion, and gives the "Well done" only and ever to the men and women who are indomitable and unconquerable.

The Gospel message is here out 300 lanterns received, being much electric light. At as necessary to use favorite song of the as "The Old Rugged requests were made Mother". The next several good, helpful of the men working This was also done opportunity served.

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TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK



Winnipeg, April 4th

Mrs. Commissioner Mann is booked honour of having been the principal to conduct an interesting event on April 10th—Founder's Birthday; the unveiling of the memorial busts of the Founder and the Army Mother at the Training Garrison. A Commemoration Demonstration will be conducted by our own Commissioner on the evening of the same day.

It is not often that a Daily Paper has Mercy-Seat news in its columns; it is refreshing to read in the Port Arthur "News-Chronicle" the following paragraph:

"Friday night the Soldiers from Port Arthur Corps united with the Corps at Fort William, and out of fifty-one of a congregation present had eight at the Mercy-Seat; four who were standing aimlessly at the street corner followed in from the Open-Air Meeting, and two of them came out for Salvation."

Commandant Carroll has had his mind stirred and his soul blessed by our recent remarks on "Hand-clapping versus Saying 'Amen'." On a recent occasion when our own D.C. asked the youngsters to "Fire a volley" they stared in silent bewilderment; if somebody had said, "Give him a good clap" they would have understood; but why should we do as the Gentiles do?

Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, recently received a donation from a dear friend whose generosity had been stirred by reading of "Bessie" in the "Epistles of Hepzibah;" a graciously kindly note also came with the humble offering.

We are glad to note the continued activity of our old and valued comrades—Envoy and Mrs. McGill; always acceptable specials, they recently spent a helpful week-end at Victoria Corps. God bless them.

We sincerely sympathize with Captain Harold Martin, who has suffered bereavement in the passing of his father. Our promoted comrade was a staunch Salvationist in Old Dundee, and at one time suffered imprisonment in the service of The Army. Captain Martin's parents also enjoyed the

We also sympathize with Lieutenant Grace Ferguson, of Chilliwack, in the death of her dear mother at Kam-sack.

Territorial Headquarters wears a cheerful air once more; Major Oake has returned from his affairs at the Coast.

We are delighted to hear that our various Winnipeg Hospital patients are progressing towards recovery; this refers particularly to Mrs. Ensign Major, Mrs. Ensign Capon, and Mrs. Captain King. We are always glad to report news of this nature.

There is a newsboy who Soldiers at Vancouver IV. One night, after delivering his papers, he hurried to the Meeting, and when testimonies were called for, he jumped to his feet, and said, "Well, I know my hands are dirty, and I don't know what my face is like, but I do know my heart is clean!"

An interesting event is billed for the afternoon of Sunday, April 15th, at Winnipeg Citadel—no less than a Local Composers Festival (ahem!) Seems to us that not every bird nor City can rise to these heights. Everybody is heartily invited to join with us.

Lieutenant Florrie Walker of Vermilion has been operated upon for appendicitis, the operation being entirely successful. Our sympathies and congratulations, sister.

The foreman suddenly caught sight of one of his laborers resting on an upturned basket, and his indignation was immediately aroused.

Striding up to the man he shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Now, then," he cried, "up you get and shift some o' them bricks, me lad!

The labourer hesitated.

"I don't feel well, sirv'nor," he answered sadly.

"Oh, all right," returned the foreman, brutally indifferent to the other's suffering, "catch 'old o' this 'ere sieve, then."

NEWS of the promotion of Lt.-Commissioner Charles Duce from London, Eng., has been received in Winnipeg. The Commissioner has had a long and varied Officership, among his various appointments being terms in the London Slum work, many important posts in Great Britain, and two periods of service in Japan—and also in India—as is indicated by the above photo. His last active work was in connection with The Army Immigration Services, when he acted as Secretary at Migration House, and thus had a direct interest in affairs in Canada. Canada West comrades will extend comradely sympathy to Mrs. Duce, but will rejoice in the sure and certain reward to which our comrade has now attained.

Cyril Row of Chilliwack Promoted

Brother Cyril Row was called very suddenly to meet God. He came into Vancouver for a few days holiday prior to taking another position, and stayed at The Army Hostel. He attended Meetings at several of the City Corps, taking part in them all, and giving a good testimony. Thursday evening he returned from the Meeting as usual, and retired to bed, but on Friday morning Captain Sinclair found him in great distress, and it was soon found necessary to remove him to the hospital. The following day he was operated upon, and later in the day received the Call.

The Funeral Service was conducted on Tuesday by Commandant Spearling, assisted by Captain Sinclair. The Corps Officers and a number of Chilliwack comrades were present. Brother Clarke who came to this country with our promoted comrade, speaking of their Corps association, and of their work on the farm together.

A Memorial Service was held at the Hostel the following Sunday, Major Jaynes being in charge. Commandant Spearling, who has greatly interested himself in our comrade's physical and spiritual welfare, spoke, as did Captain Sinclair. Major Jaynes gave a helpful address, following which five came to the Mercy-Seat—a splendid finish to the life of one who fought so faithfully. A Memorial Service was also held at Chilliwack.

Brother Row came to Canada under the auspices of The Army, four years ago, and for the past year has worked in Chilliwack, where he was converted, and took his stand as a Soldier. His loved ones are all in the Old Land, and our prayers are assuredly for them.

"God Save the Queen"

Queen Mary Pays a Surprise Visit to Army Women's Institution

Her Majesty Queen Mary recently paid a surprise visit to the famous Women's Hostel and Shelter which The Army maintains in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, and expressed herself as delighted with all that she saw there; she paid high tribute

to the work of that particular institution and to The Army and its leaders.

This institution is historical in Army circles in that it was here Mrs. Bramwell Booth, soon after the birth of her own eldest daughter, Catherine, interviewed the first woman to enter an Army Home, and which meeting led to the foundation of our Women's Social Work.

There is something happily significant in the fact that Commissioner Catherine Booth, then an infant lying asleep on two

chairs, is now in charge of the Women's Social operations in Great Britain and very much awake to the great needs of her important work.

Her Majesty showed an understanding interest in the circumstances of the women, and spoke to many of them. She was much amused and not altogether unmoved, when one of the

old ladies, aged 71, struck up in a quavering voice, "God save our gracious Queen."

We are fortunate in being able to give herewith a reproduction of the Queen's signature in the visitor's book.

Marie R.

5 - March 1928

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth

Bravewell Booth

International Headquarters

London, England

Territorial Commander,

Lieut.-Colonel H. L. Taylor, Chas. Rich,

317-319 Carlton St.,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to Lieut.-Colonel Taylor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christians issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$1.10 U.S. postage paid. The Publishing Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg. Mailed, corner Notre Dame and Lansdowne Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

General Order

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN, 1928

The annual week of Self-Denial will be observed in Canada West Territory from May 5 to 11. After March 24 no Demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Self-Denial Fund) may take place in any Corps until the Campaign is closed, without the consent of Territorial Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this General Order is observed.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To Captain:

Lieutenant Elythe More, Kamloops.

APPOINTMENT—

Captain R. Boyce from Glen Vowell School to Wrangell Divisional Headquarters.

Captain J. P. Moore from Petersburg Alaska to Glen Vowell School.

Captain Elythe More from Kamloops to Petersburg, Alaska.

Lieutenant Irving Lapp from Calgary III to Red Deer.

Lieutenant Clifford Fowler from Macleod to Calgary III.

Lieutenant Nellie Amos from Trail to Kamloops.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GRIP OF SPRING

WE sometimes talk about the grip of winter. What we are much more interested in just now is the grip of coming spring. The grip of Jesus on the soul of man is like the grip of spring. If you were an almond tree you couldn't live with the spring and not become beautiful, and to watch the change that Jesus made on men's lives must have been like watching the change that spring makes. It may have been like seeing a landscape in the grip of winter when bitter winds howl through leafless branches with bleak frost, makes the ground hard and hostile to the feet, when low storm clouds make the mountains forbidding and fearful, and the moors bleak and desolate, and then seeing that same landscape with the sun in the sky, the trees in leaf, the birds singing and flowers blossoming.

Unfortunately we have a power that the trees of the field have not. We have the power of resisting the spring. With open doors and broken barriers of pride and stubbornness we can live with Jesus and let His grip of the soul make summer come. It isn't what we believe, it isn't the ceremonies we perform, it isn't a tremendous emphasis on the will; it is to put the emphasis on Him, to let Him have His way with us, just as the emphasis is not upon the tree but upon the spring which calls to the tree, and calls out from the tree the wonderful powers within it.

Don't stop to get your theories right first. Don't make a list of promises. Don't imagine that you can be consistent. Don't merely try to be good. Live daily in His presence and the miracle will happen. Spring will come to your life.

There is one of us without any sense of the need of Jesus, let him take his cleanest handkerchief on a winter's morn and lay it out on the snow. If he is one of us holding back because he feels that his case is hopeless, let him remember that Jesus had three favorite words: Least, Last, and Lost—and He said the least should be greatest, the last should be first, and the lost should be found.

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from our issue of March 31st)



Programme stained with Penitent's tears!—Hotel Director's touching thanks—Beautiful Fuji—Nagoya and Kyoto—Distress over sin—War's wounds—The Army Founder's mark on Japan—Value of her friendship—Occasion of a life-time.

Monday, October 25th, 1926 (continued)
Cunningham (Commissioner) picked up (in the Meeting last night) a programme—a large one—and brought it to me. It was soaping with the tears of a penitent! I watched another man, who was deeply taken hold of—he was literally smashed up—and an old woman with a hard, and, I fear, wicked face, who broke down utterly and cried aloud to God for His mercy. Neither of these had ever been in a Christian gathering before in their lives. A shop-girl also interested me. She had a very beautiful comb in her hair. Had never been in any meeting of any religion before. She appeared to come into the light of Salvation after a long and patient struggle on the part of one of the Officers who was herself a profoundly interesting instance of Salvation from the darkness. The light I saw was the Light of the World!

Tuesday, October 26th. Tokio again at 8, after a night of shakes. But better to have had it so than in the day-time.

London letters very mixed. Urgent request from Allister Smith (Colonel), who is in Johannesburg, for money for their new building.

The Director of this Imperial Hotel—which is a wonderful centre of life and business to pay his respects. Soon found him to be a Methodist, and wishing the Methodists were more concerned for the Salvation of souls and less for education. He said: "I thank you for coming. I have spoken with many men in high positions, and we are all grateful to you for calling our nation to think of good and noble things." He asked for something, and said: "I will keep it always in memory of you and your words!" I was quite touched.

Wire from the Chief Secretary at Peking—"Pearce very ill; taken to hospital; serious; will wire again." What a calamity is here!

Clearing up. Very grateful for the help and mercy of God during the fortnight since I landed at Yokohama.

Tuesday, October 26th.—Slept; strengthened. How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O Lord!

Left Tokio at 9.30. A crowded station; the people very enthusiastic. As soon as we started, Cunningham brought me another wire from Peking: "Pearce has typhus fever." This is a very anxious matter for me. *I can do nothing for him.*

More comfortable journey to-day. Some work—hopeful. Every hour, my gratitude to God for the help of God yesterday. I strive to present the truth of Salvation by Christ so as to meet the difficult situation of these dear minds—especially the difficulties of Buddhists.

Left Nagoya at 8.30 for Kyoto. More WAYSIDE Meetings four or five—and spoke. True to me, but it gives such pleasure. On arrival at 12 o'clock, Reception at Station—Mayor, Chief Constable, and a crowd of notables. To Hotel. This is a fine old city.

At 3, Soldiers only, about two hundred, with twenty Officers. The earnest prayer and intense seeking very pleasing—signs of future progress.

Evening, a pack in the Public Hall; some 2,500 present. Probably the handsomest building I have ever spoken in.

I was not as free or as home as I have been; am troubled with the dust, which

affected my voice, but we had a powerful influence and a number of praying penitents. If only half prove sincere it is a wonderful thing. Much distress among them about their sins. Three Buddhist priests greatly impressed me—they seemed

so earnest and so thoughtful. The seekers included some unsaved Mission people. Truly an extraordinary Meeting.

My anxiety for China increases. Ought I to go? I find Yamamoto deeply stirred. Several items of world business have exercised me today. Ours is indeed a warfare, and war brings wounds!

Friday, October 27th.—Slept. Hotel Kyoto good. This morning to a great institution called Doshisha; it is of the University type, though not one, being a kind of High School. There are four thousand students in residence. My preparation was scarcely suitable for a gathering of so many quite young people.

Governor of Prefecture called on me; he had been away yesterday. Full of appreciation and thanks for my appeal last night. Also Mr. Tokamatsu, the leader of the Opposition and will probably be the next Prime Minister. A strong and vigorous type of man. Nearly six feet high. Some good talk—selection for the individual. As to the Religious Bill, he will help us; hard cases may be sent to him. I know that hard cases make bad law, but as I said, they often make good public opinion. A shrewd man. Spoke of his own soul, and he thanked me most earnestly. Desires that I will remember him as a friend.

Friday, October 27th.—Left Kyoto at 4 o'clock for Osaka—an hour's run. Governor, Mayor, and many leading merchants, politicians, and others at the station. Thence to City Hall; about a thousand men—the Civic Welcome. Dr. Seki, the Mayor, made a good address, and I replied. An enthusiastic gathering.

Immediately following, as guest of Governor at a dinner given in my honour. Three hundred present. The Mayor told me that all the leading people in the city were there. His address really very good; reference to Founder delightful—what a mark he made on this nation during the forty days he spent in Japan! I replied; all seemed taken hold of. Lord, Be Thou the Witness to Thy truth!

Heavy London mail. Chief greatly engaged, F, brave and strong. Some of our problems look less serious for the moment.

Saturday, October 28th.—Osaka. To work at 9. Cleaned up some matters and cabled. At 10, Eadie on affairs for a couple of hours—important.

Felt it wise to leave the afternoon Locals' Meeting to Cunningham, reserving my throat, which is still troublesome. Shall see them all to-night and to-morrow. Some writing.

Powerful Meeting in evening in a Theatre, audience numbering some two thousand. The Holy Spirit amongst us. The Governor's A.D.C. read an address, and I followed. Supporters gradually withdrew from the platform as the Penitent-Form was enlarged. The bold here very striking.

Thursday, October 29th.—Restful night. Very

grateful for the help of God yesterday. I strive to present the truth of Salvation by Christ so as to meet the difficult situation of these dear minds—especially the difficulties of Buddhists.

Left Nagoya at 8.30 for Kyoto. More WAYSIDE Meetings four or five—and spoke. True to me, but it gives such pleasure.

On arrival at 12 o'clock, Reception at Station—Mayor, Chief Constable, and a crowd of notables. To Hotel. This is a fine old city.

Last thing to-night a wire from Peking: "Pearce worse—there is little hope." It made me sad indeed.

Sunday, October 30th.—Osaka. Began my writing for the Christmas "Crys."

Morning Meeting a tender and uplifting gathering. Few women—but Sunday is not much attended to here as yet. Love my topic.

The cable from Peking, re Pearce's illness, dislocates many of my plans.

Leetured in afternoon, His Excellency the Governor, Mr. Nozmu Kakagawa, presiding. He was most cordial; had given up a great engagement, celebrating the Emperor's birthday, in order to be present. I feel he is a friend—and I told him so! The City Hall—one of the finest buildings I have ever been in—was packed; fully 3,500 seats, perhaps more. The Governor said nearly five thousand people were present. A tremendous sight! I had some freedom in speaking, and got in more direct appeal than is sometimes the case.

At night, again, a wonderful scene. Cunningham and Bernard both spoke well. My appeal was direct, perhaps a little hard, but we had a mighty smash! The moment when I asked, at the conclusion of my address, that every head should be bowed, was an occasion of a lifetime! We had a great many penitents and I am sure many of them were utterly sincere.

(To be Continued)

NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO

(APRIL 10th 1829)

was born
in the City of
Nottingham
England

WILLIAM BOOTH

Founder and
First General
of
THE
SALVATION
ARMY

Winnipeg's

The Commissioner and
Auditorium—Mrs. Co
of Happy W

"To be the best that I can be."

EVERYTHING seemed to be singing when we gathered for the Manitoba Young People's Councils. The glorious spring day was in tune with it; the unstrung walls of the new Garrison seemed to echo the anthem, and young-life by the hundred, from all parts of the City of Winnipeg, and many distant points of the Province, came along, and they seemed to be singing the same strain. The Spirit of the Councils hovered over us in the first few minutes, and to be the chorus that I can be, seemed to be the chorus that was voicing. And the glorious prophecy was fulfilled again and again.

Spring and youth are practical synonymous terms they say, and the two vigorous factors met together in the splendid Auditorium of the Garrison, and intelligent youth too. The Councils of the previous Saturday had afforded an outlet for our Juniors, most of our Local Leaders having loyally co-operated in a very thoughtful ruling, and so it was a fine crowd of young men and young women who presented themselves to the popular gaze of Lt.-Commissioner Mapp, Mrs. Rich, and to the pleasurable anticipation of our very welcome visitor—Mapp, Commissioner.

The Glory of the Morning

The sunny weather of the day and the smiling faces, and tripping song of the young folks heartened the spirits of all, and we were in accord with the song with which we started on our Day—"I feel like singing all the time." There was little need for the D.C.'s iterated "Sing it," for we were real all day best.

Mrs. Colonel Miller conducted us our Family Prayers and the reader from "The Guide," which the Commissioner makes such a feature of the Days. While Mrs. Miller was reading we were—old and young alike—thinking kindly of our Chief Secretary and disappointed in not being with him. He was disappointed. We found also of the lone Corps Cadet at Nipigon who had written to say she would be missing the Y.P. Day for the first time but would be praying for us.

"Us" and not "Them" Today

Lt.-Colonel Sims snatched the opportunity of being on his feet, wisely following a resume of the various Councils which have been held this season, gave us the idea that we might have to do better than some of it but that does not trouble us greatly. It is "to be the best that we can be," not "them," today.

The Commissioner took control told us something of his hopes and labours for the Day, and we were anxious for him to begin, but there certain courtesies to be observed. It was a message of greeting from our of yesterday Commissioner Mapp—speaking across the prairies en route Vancouver and the Pacific—a great which was appreciated and loyal received. There was a fraternal meal from the Young People of the Saskatchewan Division, the Interbrigades Gosling—a comrade which warmed us.

Mrs. Comr. Mapp "caught on"

And then Mrs. Commissioner Mapp upon for her first talk with Winnipeg Young People, and we were never slow to take up a new but there were those in the audience had some knowledge of Mrs. Mapp before coming out. Numbered and placed on the Circle Roll, and the paper in a renewal of old ties and friends whose name we have heard but who had never seen before.

Our visitor "caught on" just. She was not too young for the Old nor too Old for the Young—just the

earnest and so thoughtful. The seek-
s included some unsaved Mission people.
I find Yamamoto deeply stirred,
and I have had a mighty smash!
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pearance last night. Also Mr. Tokumori, the
Leader of the Opposition and will prob-
ably be the next Prime Minister. A
fine, strong, good type of man. Nearly
feet high. Some good talk—religion
of the individual. As to the Religious
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Gov. Mayor, and many leading mer-
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sand men—the Civic Welcome. Dr.

the Mayor, made a good address,

I replied. An enthusiastic gathering
immediately followed, as guest of
Governor at a dinner given in my honour.

One hundred present.

The Mayor

came to meet all the leading people in
the city who were there.

His address, really very
reference to Founder delightful—

a mark he made on this nation forty days he spent in Japan! I
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See them all-to-night and to-morrow.

writing.

country is making progress in
direction. Its population difficultly.

my opinion, grow less.

If I were

politics, I should feel that a
Japan was more important than

possession of a fortified Singapore—
than half a dozen Singapore!

ight, Soldiers only—a Meeting full

and freedom and with powerful

Hallelujah! These people im-

agine. There is a sterility about

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(To be Continued)

Winnipeg's Wonderful Y. P. Councils

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich lead first Y.P. Day in the new Garrison Auditorium—Mrs. Commissioner Mapp's stirring Addresses—Scores of Happy Warriors set out on a Life-long Crusade—

"To Be the Best that I Can Be"

*"Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be."*

EVERYTHING seemed to be singing
that song on Sunday morning last,
when we gathered for the Manitoba Young
People's Councils. The glorious spring
day was in tune with it; the unstained
walls of the new Garrison seemed to
echo the anthem, and young-life by the
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parental gaze of Lt.-Commissioner and
Mrs. Rich, and to the pleasurable anticipa-
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Commissioner Mapp.

The Glory of the Morning

The sunny weather of the day and the
smiling faces, and tripping song of the
young folks heartened the spirits of us
all, and we were in accord with the tilt
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Day—"I feel like singing all the time."

There was little need for the D.C.'s re-
iterated "Sing it", for we were really
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Mrs. Colonel Miller conducted us in
our Family Prayers and the reading
from "The Guide," which the Commissio-
nner makes such a feature of these
Days. While Mrs. Miller was reading
we were—old and young alike—thinking
kindly of our Chief Secretary and his
disappointment in not being with us;
sure, he was disappointed. We thought
also of the lone Corps Cadet at Ninette,
who had written to say she would be
missing the Y.P. Day for the first time,
but would be praying for us.

"Us" and not "Them" Today

Lt.-Colonel Sims snatched the oppor-
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give a resume of the various Councils
which have been held this season, and
gave us the idea that we might have a
task to do better than some of them;
but that does not trouble us greatly;
we are out "to be the best that we can be."
It is "Us" not "Them," today.

The Commissioner took control; he
told us something of his hopes and plans
and labors for the Day, and we were all
eager for him to begin, but there were
certain courtesies to be observed. There
was a message of greeting from our guest
of yesterday Commissioner Mapp—then
speaking across the prairies en route for
Vancouver and the Pacific—a greeting
which was appreciated and joyfully re-
ceived. There was a fraternal message
from the Young People of the North
Saskatchewan Division, over the name of
Brigadier Gossling—a comradely touch
which warmed us.

Mrs. Commr. Mapp "caught on"

And then Mrs. Commissioner Mapp was
called upon for her first talk with us.
Winnipeg Young People, and their elders,
were slow to take up a new chum,
but there were those in the audience who
had some knowledge of Mrs. Mapp years
ago, some of whom had been placed
on the Cradle Roll, and they were
happy in a renewal of old time friendship,
but most of us were happy in seeing one
whose name we have heard but whom we
had never seen before.

Our visitor "caught on" just right.

She was not too Young for the Old, and
not too Old for the Young—just the happy

medium. Her tale of the "Old Contem-
plative" demonstration at Folkestone, in Old
England, and its lessons for us of our
day, will long bewith us; as also her beauti-
ful little tale of the wee "O.K." who won
the painter for God.

What Most we Want to be

Another song and a "stand up" to
us, as the Commissioner puts it, and then we
were really in for his talk. We
could not but pride ourselves that he
had thought us intellectually able to
take his ideas—that he knew there was
no need to talk down to us. The Commissio-
nner is not one of those who irritate us
by addressing us as, "My dear little
children," thanks be; he scarcely ventures on
"My dear young folk"; it's a man-to-
man talk we gives us.

Quotations from some of the choicest
of literature; tales from history, incidents
from latter day happenings; excerpts
from his own readings; gleanings from his
own experience—deftly fitted in, so that
we speedily began to see his plan for the
Day, and the creation of his heart and
mind took shape before us and we saw
the "Happy Warrior" that he wanted us
to be—which we soon felt God wanted
us to be and which, by a most natural
arrangement of our spiritual understand-
ing, we soon wanted to be.

The break for the lunch hour came; it
was a pity that there had to be such a
halt in our thoughts and that some of us
had to be detached from the surroundings of
the Day, but one cannot have everything
all their own way.

The Refreshings of the Afternoon

The afternoon session came, and some
more folks came too; strange isn't it
that so many find it impossible to get
to the morning session; but more anon.

We sang again—we really did. This
time we caught on the spirit of that
marching chorus which was on the song
sheet, until we were like veritable young
Timothys, feeling the call of God upon
us:

*"Chosen to be a Soldier,
Chosen by God;
Chosen to be a Soldier—
Washed in His Blood."*

Oh, the holy joy of it that He Who
could have called, and did call, the
mighty and the wise," called us, and as
the chorus so delightfully emphasizes it:

*"Chosen to be a Soldier
In The Army brave."*

There was a pleasing period to the
afternoon Meeting, when we, ourselves,
were on the platform. For the nonce
our Leaders were standing aside. Candidate
Sadie Easton, of Fort Rouge, took
the platform (and the audience) with a
sincere and heartfelt paper, "Why I am
a Candidate"; Captain J. Habibki—a
real "O.K."—was evidently much affected
when he told the story of his own call to
Officership, and Ensign Peterson was
movingly eloquent when she spoke to us
of her Officership. A happily devised
sequence of papers, in which some of us
saw the cunning workmanship of our
wily Divisional Commander.

Our Mothers Have Had a Hard in it

What a welcome Mrs. Mapp received
when she stood up to speak, and how she
moved us as she told us those thrilling
stories of days far beyond our ken; of
the time of our fathers' and mothers'
service days; of the days when the pioneers
of the Army were blazing the mis-
sionary and the slum trail for us. How
difficult it was for some of us to realize
that the kindly-faced, soft-voiced woman
speaking to us had been by those ways
which she so gratefully recalled.

Glory to God—it is not the men only
who can be the Happy Warriors in this
Army of ours. I would have been a
glorious Army if only the men had laid
its foundations, but it is a glory beyond
words when we realize that our mothers
have had a hand in it too. How we ought

to treasure it—how sacred it becomes the
more we think along these lines.

We wish we had space and tenderness
sufficient to put before our readers those
tales to which we listened. The poverty
of that little slum Quarters in White-
chapel; and then those early days in the
Punjab. Native clothes and food; isolat-
ion and ostracism, and home sickness
beyond words. Fighting with disease
and with death—but no retreating.

The Vows of God are Upon us

Our young minds saw it all clearly
limned out before us; we heard the mutterings
of the mob and the soft prayers of
the converts; and our tears could not be
stayed. But what about our vows?

How could they be stayed either?
Who was there among us who had not

seen the Call? Who had not seen the
beckoning Hand; who among us had not
seen the Way by which we should go?

One by one we rose to make our offering,
and one by one we went forward to the
Place of Dedication and the memory of
Mrs. Mapp's dedicatory prayer will
(Let it be so, O! Lord!) remain with us
through years of preparation and toil.

That was the afternoon session—when
God came to us, and when He, so to say,
said He "would surely come again" and
we vowed again "To be the best that I can be."

We are on the Lord's side

And so on to the evening gathering.
What strange consciences some folks
have! They get an invitation for a Y.P.
Day, and then turn up for the Night only—but
it is not for us to reason it out; but
we do object however to the squeeze
when we have been on the stretch all
day. Enough said—though they won't
take it for themselves, such folk never do.
*"We are on the Lord's side—
Saviour we are Thine."*

We sang it until the rafters re-echoed
it; we sang it until we knew that He to
Whom we were addressing our song had
heard the glad declaration. What a
"call of mercy!"

Our prayers were definite—we had been
at the threshold of mercy all the day,
and we were coming into the atmosphere
of prayer—very near to the Throne of
Mercy.

We are trying to make others see these
Meetings as we saw them for ourselves,
and endeavouring to spread abroad their
messages, but we despair of passing on the
thrills which we experienced when we
met with Mrs. Commissioner Rich that
was, where Paul says, "And they that
were with me saw the light—but they
heard not the voice"; surely, we said to
ourselves, "there are not many like that,"
and we were almost tempted to look
around for those who might still remain
deaf to the Voice.

A Volunteer and not a Conscript

We have notes—lines of them—on
our pad, of the things which Mrs. Rich
gave to us, and wish we might pass them
on, but we will treasure them for our
hearing, when the lamp of courage
gets dim, and when our own volunteering
is about becoming a conscription, as
one of us suggested. Let us hope it might
become if we valued it more.

With no change at all in the trend of our
thoughts, Adjutant Davies and Ensign
Haynes helped us in Miss Havergal's
wonderful "Hymn of Conservation," and
we were prepared to sit again at the
Commissioner's feet, and to hear more of
that legendary figure who had, by now
become an actual ideal for so many of us.



"The Happy Warrior."

grew up within so many, many hearts a
deep longing "to be the best that I can be."
We went into wondrous places during the
next hour, into some byways of our religious
possibilities—into the House of the
Interpreter—until our pilgrimage, our crusade,
brought us to the place of actual consecration. To a place where a battle was to be fought—but to a spot
where "they conquer who believe they
can."

At times our pencils were busy and we
filled our notebooks with thoughts that
we would store up for the days ahead;
but more often our hearts and souls were
too busy for such manual doings—the
thrill of the Day was deepening.

The Holy Place

By now the Mercy-Seat was ready
(it had been ready all Day if I had but
realized it) and there came oil those
scenes with which some of us have been
familiar since our earliest days. They
have lost none of their sacredness, how-
ever, and so we will not dwell on them.
Suffice it to say, that many a young knight
made a tryst then; many a young novice
took oaths for sternal service; at least
that is how it appeared to us. We are
not concerned for numbers, but we have
heard that the total of those who made
and renewed pledges in a public fashion
numbered sixty-one, and scores of others
were registered privately, so that when we sang our last chorus, which
Lt.-Colonel Dickerson led in his indefatigable manner, we felt that the Day
had not been without its triumphs. And
our pledge is:

*"And far Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
O thyself to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come."*

Monday Night Finale

The splendid finale to the Councils
was presented in the Citadel on Monday
evening, when, despite the terrible
rainstorm—we don't mind snow,
but rain, ouch!—the building was
crowded to the doors, and beyond.
The Commissioner was his own genial
self, and displayed all his well known
chairman ability.

Preliminaries over, and the intro-
duction of the Commissioner—a very
necessary item—we went ahead with
the programme, and after a brief ex-
planation of the aims of the Life-
Saving Organization, we listened to a
March by the Band from the Garrison.
Our feet had scarcely ceased to
keep time with the spirited music,
when the curtains parted, to reveal a
picturesque background against which
the many excellent numbers of the
evening were most skilfully shown.

The Exigencies of Space

Our space does not permit us to go
into full details of all those items, but
suffice it to say that there was no
presentation which did not receive its
share of applause, and which did not
show skillful training, and energetic
attention by those who took part

(Continued on page 8)

Winnipeg's Wonderful Councils

(Continued from page 7)

therein. Fort Rouge Guards with their trek carts and camp fire scene; the Scripture recited by Guard Bertha Witten, of Norwood, a humorous dialogue by the Citadel Scout Troop; and an excellent tambourine drill by the Saint James Guards, all well done,

One event of the evening which gave us much pleasure, and was so indicative of the universality of the Movement, was the presentation of the General's Tassel — the highest honour open to a Guard or Scout — to various young comrades. Standing with experienced dignity, the two first Life-Savers in the Territory to win the honour (Patrol Leader Verna Walker and Sid Jones) occupied the platform, and were there to do honour to the latest recipients of the decoration — Patrol-Leaders Marjorie Fuller, Georgina Murray, Kathleen Lawson, and Guard Laidlaw, all of the Citadel. A splendid touch this, happily executed by our Territorial Commander.

A worthy climax to the evening's enjoyment came with the splendid tableau "The building of the Flag," in which the Citadel Guards excelled themselves; Mrs. Adjutant Acton was a splendid "Britannia" in this.

The Commissioner's benedictory words and prayer brought the Meeting to a close, and we went away with words of praise for Staff-Captain Steele and all those who had so skillfully given us the enjoyment of the evening, and a "top-notch" demonstration.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

"GRANNY" SHAW, CALGARY

The passing of dear Granny Shaw from the Calgary Citadel Corps removes one of the most faithful warriors that ever wore the Army uniform.

She passed away March 13th just after her ninety-first birthday. She first came in contact with the Salvation Army nearly fifty years ago at Tottenham, England, but was never really a Soldier until she came to Calgary fifteen years ago. Granny, as she was better known, was an inspiration to all that she came in contact with, having a word of encouragement for those that needed it. Until recently she attended the Y.P. Annual every year for she loved the children, and she would always put her copper in the birthday box, in fact she always looked forward to this event.

Aj't. Junker conducted the funeral service on Friday, March 16th. Mrs. Commissioner Rich read the Scripture lesson and spoke words of help and encouragement to those left to mourn. It was a simple, but very touching service.

The Corps extend to Sister Nellie Shaw, also her brother and sister and many friends their heartfelt sympathy. May God bless and sustain them. Thus another wonderful warrior has been laid to rest. —Observer.

Greater Than Wealth

It is said of Josiah Wedgwood, whose beautiful pottery eventually won him world-wide reputation, that when the demand for his ware began to become insistent, some of his associates urged him to let them put on sale at ridiculous prices those pieces that were slightly marred or imperfect, rightly arguing that otherwise they would mean a great waste.

To their arguments Wedgwood is said to have replied, "I would rather lose every dollar I have ever made and die a pauper than to have my name associated with that which is faulty and imperfect."

It is commendable to be zealous for our good name, not only in business but in all walks of life. An imperfect piece of pottery may do its maker's reputation an injury, but so can a cruel word, a hasty temper, a decieving tongue. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

On Vancouver Island

Lt.-Colonels Sims and Dickerson and the Vancouver Island Y.P. have a Great Day Together

THERE could not have been a more fitting prelude to the Victoria Young People's Councils than the rousing Prayer-Meeting held on the preceding Thursday night. Colonel Dickerson, who was in the city in connection with the work of the Men's Social, led us on, and we believe that the "effecual fervent prayer" helped to bring about the encouraging results of the week-end.

Keen disappointment was felt on account of the illness of the Chief Secretary — announced to be our Leader, and of the unavoidable absence of our Divisional Commander, but never mind, given still the spirit of The Army in B.C.'s Capital City, and we resolved to have with us Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Territorial Y.P. Secretary, together with Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, Major Oake, Staff-Captain Bourne and Adjutant Greenaway, etc.

On Saturday evening there was a real Hallelujah gathering when the delegates were given a hearty reception. The Home Corps was splendidly represented, and the contingents from Nanaimo, with Captain Coleman in charge; and from Grandview, Vancouver, came in for a warm welcome.

In his usual happy style the Territorial Secretary voiced the regret of all at the absence of the Chief Secretary, but we were determined to do what they would have us do — go in for a time of blessed help. Those who took part in the Meeting were equally determined. Y.P. S.M. Edgar of Nanaimo, and Corps Cadet Jean Macdonald, were keen speakers. The Grandview Singers cheered us, and so did our own Band and Songsters. Colonel Dickerson contributed to the joy of our enjoyment with his closing remarks.

Sunday morning came clear and bright, and the company of Young People who had met in the Oldfellow's Hall began the Day with a zest well manifested in the opening song. The visiting Officers were again welcomed, and a message of inspiration from our Commissioner was read by Major Oake.

Out of his mature Army Experience Lt.-Colonel Sims gave some excellent counsel, and very aptly illustrated his message. The Young People were greatly uplifted and blessed by the morning session.

The afternoon was a time of much refreshing; it started with a fifteen-

minute song-service with Staff Captain Bourne in charge; our comrade also helped with a Scripture reading; after which we listened with much relish to papers by Corps Cadet Anderson, Sgt.-Major Turton, and Adjutant Greenaway.

An appeal for Candidates resulted in six young people making a definite offering of their lives for Army service; Mrs. Commandant Jones praying God's seal on the consecration.

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson was in charge of the evening session, when all gathered together in a great spirit of expectation; the crowd being the largest yet. (Natural — Ed.) Splendid and devotional singing preceded earnest prayer, so that by the time Major Oake was talking to us from the Scripture a very hallowed influence was with the gathering. Colonel Dickerson's subsequent address was listened to with rapt attention, and the working of the Holy Spirit was plainly seen in the Prayer-Meeting, when seventeen young lives surrendered to the Master's call.

On Monday night the Citadel was filled for the last Meeting, a Young People's Demonstration, presided over jointly by Lt.-Colonel Sims and Dickerson, the latter successfully engineering the giving of a generous collection. Major Oake and Staff-Captain Bourne were in the Officers' corner having been in the Capital City on Army business. The many well rendered items the Life-Saving Guards and Chums contributed was worthy of praise and their Leaders deserve great credit for careful training. The Fire, Drill, and Marching by the former was splendidly done, and the Chums under Mrs. Commandant Jones represented a colored orchestra, their song about "Uncle Joe" having banjo accompaniment, said banjos being cleverly contrived from pie plates. We are sure that we heard Mrs. Jones' guitar also, and the singing of the childlike voices in "If you come to Jesus, I know he'll take you in," was one of the best features of the programme.

The most unpleasant part of the evening was the good-bye that had necessarily to be said to our visitors. We trust that as they in God's leading gave blessing to many, they too received in turn, and will have happy memories of the weekend in Victoria.

It was this spirit of hers which made me determined to write these notes myself this week, for I find that there is another drop — from Saskatoon II. I suppose while the Captain has been off on the "lob-stick trail" some of the weekly customers have had a drop out. Dorcas says she will write a special note to Mrs. Hill, and she will deal with the situation.

Isn't the weather lovely these days, Mr. Editor? Almost makes me wish that we had a garden attached to our Suite, but perhaps you would like me to come up and dig you out of your difficulties; just say the word — if you can't come to see me, I will try to come and see you; I'm not one to bear a grudge or to speak about it. (Umph!)

Yes, I hear that the Easter "Cry" went well. I've heard from two or three that it was a good issue — Colonel Sims told me about it. That was a nice little note from Humboldt — quite nice of Captain Reeves to write like that wasn't it. Has anybody else said anything?

Dear Dad and Mums:

I have something quite nice and quiet to tell you, and I do hope it will not make you all worried. I am sure you will like him, and as soon as Congress comes — if not before — I hope you will be able to see him. I have had an idea that he would be speaking to me, but of course I had to wait his pleasure. I hope it won't make you feel too old, or that I am growing up; anyway, he is real Army, and I know that will still be with you two dear, old selves. He says he thinks he knows you, only he can't recognize you very well from your photo, and he did not go to our Corps when he was a Cadet. His name is on the private slip here with, I am sending it in this confidential way because I know how you show my letters all round the Corps.

Your affectionate daughter,
Dinah

There, Mr. Editor, that's done you one! I am glad she has chosen a nice Officer-fellow. You know him, I expect. His name is (That's it, isn't you remember she doesn't want everybody to know his name?) Sorry, Mr. Editor, but I'll tell you over the phone later on.

Yours, a prospective father-in-law,
Daniel Domore.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



and a Letter from Dinah

Ste. A1 Styremup Mansions Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thank you ever so much for your kind enquiries; I did expect you would come to see me, but of course you would wish to be present at all of Commissioner Mapp's Meetings, and so would not find time for visiting me. But never mind, I am getting about again, although I am sorry I was not able to be at the Young People's Councils this year — they kept the age limit too fine for me this time. I shall ask the Captain to make me a Company Guard, I think.

It is high time too that I was around again. Dorcas has done very well, but she is not used to office work, and finds it very trying, especially when she does not get the messages clearly over the phone. (Well, tell him to speak up and not mumble so.) She made a fine mistake last time in putting down one Corps for an increase when they ought to have been set down as decrease. I gave her a real talking-to on the subject, but she only said, "Ah, well, it's time somebody stuck up for them."

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April 14, 1928



THE ANCIENT TRAIN

A Cause for Thankfulness

I HAVE been reading recently some of the new Parables of Safed the Safe, and must his story of the day when he rose early to catch a Pullman express and found instead a train that consisted of an ancient coach, one baggage van and an engine. The passengers began to make the most unkind remarks about the train, except Safed himself, who said to himself, "There must be a reason, and we are patient we shall discover it."

The rest of the tale I will leave to Barton to tell in his own words: The conductor came through. And he wore no uniform, but had a badge with an electric band, fastened round a flat hat. And I had not seen the like in many years. And the passengers made remarks about the kind of train on which we were riding. And he answered not a word. But he had taken up all his time. Then he stood in the aisle and did an oration.

Some of You Wise Guys

"And he said: 'I have listened to the remarks of you who think you are wise guys concerning the quality of the train. Be it understood that this is the regular train, neither am I the conductor of that train. But I got on at Junction to the Terminal as an accommodation to you wise guys that have no sense enough to suspect that somehow doing you a favor.'

"For it was known to us that twenty passengers were arriving at Junction, and others to be picked up, and we wanted to help get them out, because our regular crews are over-worked, and many of our men are sick with it. It was no easy job to get an engineer, because there was no conductor available, therefore did the division manager take to see this train to its destination, and that's me.

The "Limited" is in the Ditch

"And now, if any of you who travel Limited, and are discontented with the train, hold, I will stop this old train, and let you out, and ye can walk back and forth, and I will wait for it, just as ye prefer. If the Limited is in the ditch about fifty yards, and the track behind it black, and the train will not move, then I will get a walk, neither did any man complain of our train. And I consider this a good sign that if we were to stop the train, the passengers would not complain, we sometimes discover that the ones who complain are those for whom we should be thankful."

"And no man decided to get a walk, neither did any man complain of our train. And I consider this a good sign that if we were to stop the train, the passengers would not complain, we sometimes discover that the ones who complain are those for whom we should be thankful."

Many a legend attends the writing of history, but there is no basis for the legend that Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written a bid been prevented from taking a walk. Toplady's "Rock of Ages" was composed while sheltering from a storm in a defile of limestone rocks.

Hebo wrote "Prophetic Greenlan

Mountains" to the tune "Twice Around the Seas were Roun' 'n" in the "Opera", and his "Brightest and the Sons of the Morning" to the "Wandering Willie," an old Scot's

MOTHER FLORENCE

THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Brengle—brought up to date by "J."

START THE STORY HERE

Susan Nichols was the eldest child of a small family. In a village in the Eastern Counties of England. The father was a hard, cruel man who treated his family with almost severity. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist, and the spirit of her religion can be traced in every movement of her life. To the religious light which she had received, and to train her family accordingly, Susan goes into service at the age of nine and endures much hardship. Eventually at the age of sixteen she marries Robert Flinn, a young man of the village.



Following many vicissitudes of a religious and commercial nature in their married life, they decide to try their fortune in a new land, and come to Canada. Their journey is arduous, well, and then it is announced that The Army is "opening fire" in their district of Toronto—Parkdale. Mrs. Florence and her husband ultimately are re-converted and gain entrance to the ranks. They are anxious to purchase back numbers of the "War Cry" in order to become thoroughly acquainted with this fascinating story of the early days of The Army in Canada. It began in our issue of February 25th.

CHAPTER VII CALLED BACK

Mother and Dad Florence were back in England; ready for another adventure. Indeed, the more one reads the story, the more one thinks how ready these two intrepid souls sought fresh adventure. Back again in England, with all the memories of their previous ups and downs around them. Going over the old ground, over the old scenes, and along the same old streets and lanes. And all the time peaking within their breasts the thoughts of the expedition which they so recently sought.

Reading between the lines, I am inclined to the opinion that it was Mother Florence who led the way, and that little Dad Florence followed. He had, so they tell me, his own fiery spirit, but it was the woman of the team who led.

However, he that is it may, the days they spent in the old country passed quickly and happily in meetings and visitations of various kinds, and all was ready for sailing—the ship and the date fixed, and almost the last bit of baggage packed and labelled.

The question which surprised her Then one day, just on the eve of sailing, the Foreign Secretary of International Headquarters came to see Mother Florence. "Couldn't you send your little boy home again?" was the question with which he surprised her.

"No, that would be impossible," she decided.

Then he told her that the child was too young to live in India, especially after his Canadian upbringing, and that if he could not be left in a safe climate, the mother ought not to go. She must pray about it, and let him know in the morning what she would do.

The Commissioner left her half-dazed.

Not to go to India after all, when she had come so far on the way!

"You'll be a laughing-stock when you get back to Canada again in a hallelujah boat!" taunted the devil.

Truly, Mother Florence had fallen on "times which try men's souls." How would her soul stand the test? Would she be resurrected, care for her own reputation and standing creep in lack of faith in God and her leaders mar her peace and usefulness? Or had she enough of that love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" to take up the thorny cross and carry it to any land?

There was time for many a teasing thought to suggest itself before she could get away alone, and begin her dark night. But when she found herself in a place to talk to God, the first thing that

came to her was a fragment of an old hymn, learned in her childhood:

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The cloud ye so much dread
Is big with mercy and shall break
In blessing on your head."

"Hurry, then, Father, and let me have the blessings," cried the poor woman in her doubt,

places in Canada "under the rose" where wealthy aristocratic inebriates could get medical attention and help to conquer their baneful habits; but there were none forty years ago where the battered wrecks of women who walked boldly into saloons and staggered out again to fall helplessly on the stones, or into the hands of the police, could find harbour, hope and home, all in the name of the Salvation which was offered to them.

Ever since she was sanctified, Mother Florence had wanted to join a former hope—here was one to her hand, and she threw herself into it with an unearthly ardour.

Doctors and Physiologists agree.

Doctors and physiologists agree that a woman-drunkard once made, is far harder to cure than her brother-man, and the experience of all who have tried to beat them out in the statement. But the simple women who were set to office this Toronto Home unconsciously but instinctively grasped the fundamental idea of all physical science that the human body is a whole; instead of trying to mend the body only, they aimed at bringing body, soul and spirit into harmony with God which is their "most reasonable service."

That it is a reasonable method, is proved by its results, namely, that one-fourth of all the women who they received did well and became ornaments of their particular spheres of life. There was, and

"Then go back to Canada," sounded in her soul.

"But the people there who paid my fare over here?" she remonstrated, desiring.

"What is that to thee?" Follow thou Me," said the insistent Voice.

"I'll go back to Canada," yielded Mother Florence.

And then, doubts and fears gone, burden vanished, she fell into a soft sleep.

In the morning, her husband (quartered at night away in the men's building in the old Training Home at Clapton) came to her, and she told him all, adding, "Don't be rash, go and pray about it."

He went off to get alone with the Lord, and came back presently, his face all glowing. "It's all right," he assented, "we're to go back to Canada."

One is obliged to stay here for a moment to ponder on the simple manner in which these two dear souls approached and dealt with their Lord. It is so easy for them to hear His Voice and to know His will. It is not a whit less easy for us of these days to hear and to know; is it?

Braving the Atlantic again

It was suggested to them by The Army authorities that they should stay in England, but she answered, "I'm willing to do anything, but I'm sure Father wants me in Canada."

And so, before many days, behold Mother and Dad braving the stormy Atlantic again, on her way to Canada, this time as a veritable missionary—one sent of God to carry His message.

Once there, she was not long in finding her special field of labour. In the March of the year of her return The Army had opened in the City of Toronto a "Home for Drunken Women." Not much of a camouflage about that name, was there?

There were then, and are now, we suppose—there certainly will be soon—

is no patent upon this method of reformation, and it is herewith given again to the public in the words of our old-time saint.

"We takes them in, whenever they comes, night or day," she said, "and it's as often midnight as any other time." (No red tape in those days, the reader will notice!) "First thing is to get their clothes off, for they're generally in such a state as you wouldn't believe it. Then we give them a good wash, puts on some nice clean clothes we've had given us, and tucks them away to sleep it off. They always sleeps it off when they're drunk, you know. Then as soon as they get sober, we try to get them saved."

"Getting saved is rare, their only chance," Mother Florence was wont to continue, "it's ten to one they'll go back again if they're not saved. Then a

terrible craving comes on them after they get over the first of it, and then all do all ways to get liquor. We keep the door locked, give them strong tea and coffee, read, sing, talk, and try to make them forget the awful craving, and day by day the desire gets weaker and weaker. If they gets the love of God in their hearts, the desire goes out altogether."

"Ah," said she, "the miracles that's been wrought in this little place. It's wonderful to see the love of God breaking up a poor black heart like that, and putting new desires into it, and new purposes, and the power to do right. Oh, He's a wonderful Saviour!"

In these days it sounds simple, but it is not really easy to do these things, you know. Now-a-days things have changed, and the remedies may not appear to be the same, but for all the ills that sin brings about, there is but one actual remedy—that self-same Wonderful Saviour in Whom dear old Mother Florence placed so much trust.

Mrs. Brengle describes how she was asked by Mother Florence to visit this Drunken Women's Home. She says:

A great uncleanness somewhere

"While we sat waiting for her in the little front room, an unpleasant odour, suggestive of great uncleanness somewhere, forced itself upon us. It couldn't be from that little room. That was spotless, without any appearance of having been put in order for the reception. In the kitchen, when we passed on there, was the same abominable look of habitual cleanliness which a housekeeper soon comes to recognise. Presently Mother Florence said, casting a sympathetic look in the corner, 'There's a new case just come in. Maybe you'd like to see her, if you can stand to go any nearer?'

"We went in to the prostrate figure on the low cot," continued Mrs. Brengle. "She was not so terrible a sight as a drunken woman; we had once seen prone in the gutter, ghastly pale and streaming with blood, but she looked little enough like a woman."

"From her swollen, mottled face; from her tangled, rusty, dead-looking hair; from her half-closed, bloodshot, lifeless eyes; from her disordered, ragged, inscrutably filthy dress, all semblance of a pure womanhood had departed."

"She lay there, a senseless, besotted, vice-smelling creature—and yet a woman, nay, more, a mother. Could there be any hope for her?

"The kindly, soothing voice said over our shoulders, 'She looks bad, don't she, poor dear. But just wait till we get her



"Just wait till we get her fixed up and give her a cup of tea, and we have a bit of a talk and you wouldn't know her."

"And in the kindly heart of the mother soul lay the only hope of many such who came to that port of refuge. A big human heart so filled with Divine love that no possible effort would be spared to get those derelicts back to the only sure haven—the tender care of the Lord, Christ Jesus."

(To be Concluded)

"THE TEARS ON THE SNOW"

This is the title of our new Serial Story which will appear shortly. It is a most moving tale of Desperation and Salvation, and features some former-time Salvationists, including "Mother Florence."



LED AT REGINA
RHSIDE

HOMESTEAD. Sunday night, in the morning at night, eight, seven under the Plate, a clear and cheerful address. One of the newly-comers, a young man showing her real joy converts, a Dutch woman, her children all the night. The revival is and God is in our midst.

FRED AT COALMEN

Columbus. We have enjoyed a revival here, and I am answering. Last Sunday turned to God and is now

Many of our old

Young People are learning

story of the early days of The Army in Canada. It began in our issue of February 25th.

KTON

McLennan. A good time

reconnoitring the

outstanding events

of five Junior Soldiers,

teen children, six of these

Crusade Converts.

MEN'S SOCIAL

took place in Vancouver

husband of one of the

regular employment for

under tragic circumstances

in work.

the city at the

only manner endeavoured to

most affected; did also

she.

Mrs. McEvoy asks that

own her kindness during

her heartfelt thanks.

GAR

blue. A recent weekend

regional; in the Sunbury

captain, Mrs. McEvoy

also come home recently,

help safe return, and for

ve from their presence



Capt. Flannigan

er forgot the night when

he died rushed through the

ring, pouring out her

recently welcomed home

in winter, and

also come home recently,

help safe return, and for

ve from their presence

Remember now
thy Creator

THE WAR CRY

VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1928

While the evil
days come not

No. 15

Tune: "Darwells" or "Majesty"
(6s & 8s)

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
Your Saviour, yes, and mine;
He made for us a place
In mercy's great design,
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
He left His realms above,
That He might ransom us—
Oh, miracle of love.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
How shall we tell His praise?
No note too sweet, nor loud
For us to Him to raise.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
Our best and dearest Friend,
Who loved us years ago,
And loves us to the end.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain. — J'

Tune: "Two lovely black eyes"
Oh, wonderful love,
Oh, wonderful love,
Wonderful, fathomless, boundless and
free—
Oh, wonderful love.

Tune: "Verily, Verily I Say Unto You"
Joyfully, joyfully, joyfully I sing;
Glad and free, glad and free, pardoned is
my sin;
Doubts and fears are gone and now
within
Jesus is Lord and King.

Tune: "I'm longing for My Ain Folk"
I bring Thee my all, Thou blessed Saviour,
I long for Thy Spirit and Thy favor;
All my life shall fully be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
And spent in bringing sinners to my
Saviour.

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and as far as possible assist anyone in difficulty. Address DIVISIONAL SECRETARIAT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2014—John Letts (or his children) formerly lived at Long Buckley, England; came to Canada in 1914, and resided in Vancouver, British Columbia. Small legacy to be paid to Mr. Letts or children.

1940—J. J. Hardeen, Mother of the above named anxious to be located. Was for a time at Nichol V.A.C., about 1910. Belongs to Woodman of the World Lodge, Cousin, Mr. Andrew McWilliams, anxious to locate.

1942—Samuel H. Hearden—About 40 years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, brown eyes, sailor complexion, farmer, missing ten years. Wife deceased.

1940—Joseph Stewart, Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 150 lbs, dark hair, brown eyes, light complexion, native of Ireland. Mother very worried.

1940—Robert Bleakley, Age 19, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 150 lbs, dark hair, grey eyes, dark complexion, native of Ireland. Mother anxiously enquires.

1940—Alexander Kurnow Khan, of Chilton, Native of Norway, U.S.S.R., came to Canada in 1913. Enlisted in the 144th Iron Reserve Battalion which was a Winnipeg Battalion composed of Russians serving in Great War. Wife and children lost sight of for many years.

1942—Sigfried Falther, Age 18, height 5 ft., weight 150 lbs, dark brown hair, Swedish, occupation unknown. Last heard from, June 21st, 1927. White hairy spot on head, right wrist crippled. Mother very worried.

1940—Andrea Olson, Swedish, age 61, heavy build, dark hair, blue eyes, missing since 1903, wanted because of an inheritance.

1940—Mrs. Ida Wood. At one time lived in Oakdale, Ontario, and remained there with her son Percy. About 1910 he was transferred to the Children's Aid. Boy would like to get in touch with her.

1940—Nils Albert Stensson, Swedish, age 47, average height, dark hair, blue grey eyes, missing since March 1926, farmer. Brother enquires, father now dead and there is money left.

1940—Ward—Wards. Anyone by the above names who has a missing son of the name of G.W.E. Gordon or William, or a son who was recently born, please contact us. Your surprising news by communicating with Mr. Maude Ward, 10631 12th St. Edmonton, Alta.



Let Us Sing Together!

Tune: "We Have an Anchor"

There's a refuge sure from the storms of life,
From the rushing rush of the battle strife;
From the fiercest gale there's a calm retreat,
And a covert cool from the blazing heat.

Chorus:
Hidden with Christ—with Christ in God;
Over the portals the precious Blood;
Sin, death, and hell shall ne'er prevail—
Hidden with Christ—within the veil.

In the darkest hour there's a promise bright;
In the midst of gloom there's a star of light;
When we're most alone and for friendship yearn
There's a Friend at hand to Whom we turn.

When the foe comes o'er us like a flood;
When the tempter's wiles can be scarce withstood;
E'er the rising gale can our soul o'erthrow
There's a haven sure where no winds may blow.

Oh, the joy of a hiding-place in God;
Oh, the blest assurance of Jesus' Blood;
Oh, the comfort sweet of a constant Friend;

Oh, abiding peace that knows no end.
— J'

Tune: "Grace Abounding for Me"

Christ is living in me—(Repeat)
Barriers are gone,
Victory has come—
Since Christ is living in me.

1940—William Carson, Age 38, single, red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farm laborer, British, last known address Brandon, Brother, enquires.

1940—Dennis Russell Jennings, Tall slender man, dark hair, blue eyes, about 5 ft. 9 in., heard from about four years ago in Alaska. Brother anxious to locate.

1940—John Turnbull, Turners Falls, Mass., about 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, blue eyes, thin complexion. Owing to gun accident lost use of left arm. Was a soldier Canadian Army. Father, Archibald Turnbull of Edinburgh, Scotland. Recently deceased. Brother anxious to let brother know.

1940—Knute F. Bondi, Norwegian, age 40, hair short, 6 ft. 6 in., weight 180 lbs, tall, slender, good complexion, Brother Ned, Bagley, Sask. wishes to hear from him.

1940—John Kirkpatrick. Last heard of in 1913, was then at Cody, Wyo., and race horses. Mother very ill. John is professor of school. Father died 1913.

1940—Robert Walker, Age 32, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 180 lbs, dark hair, blue eyes, thin complexion, farmer, missing since 1919.

1940—Hans Peter Hansen, Danish, age 35, medium height, brown hair and eyes, was working in saw mill. Cousin enquires.

1940—Knut Kjellberg, Age 24, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 180 lbs, dark hair, blue eyes, has mole on nose and scar under the eye on left cheek. Motor engineer by trade, also has knowledge of electrical work, is a free mason, missing since June 1917. Was in children in Scotland extremely anxious to locate.

1940—Arthur Kirk, Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair and complexion, engaged on land, left England under care of Dr. Barnardo when ten years old. Last heard from in London, England.

1940—Jacob Aasle Pedersen, Danish, age 42, last heard from in 1917. Was working as a shepherd for farmer by name of Henry, address unknown.

1940—Carl Oscar Anderson, Age 30, single, red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and person. Wife has recently died and friend enquires to get in touch with their father. Brother making the enquiry, parents also anxious.

1940—John Edward McSwiggan, Age 64, medium height, blue eyes, missing since 1919. Has been sailor also worked in mines. Sister unanswerable enquires.

1940—Peter Larsen, Age 31, medium height, blue hair, blue eyes, was for some time around Alberta, born in Denmark. Grandmother anxious to hear from him.

1940—Tom Murray, Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark hair, blue eyes, good complexion, Scotch, blacksmith. Brother enquires.

1940—Hans Peter Hansen, Danish, age 35, medium height, brown hair and eyes, was working in saw mill. Cousin enquires.

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